it’s some unspoken thing by buchanantozier

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Summary:

he doesn’t know it yet,

but that was the first time richie tozier fell in love with eddie kaspbrak.

—

title is a gotg quote lol

it’s some unspoken thing

Author's Note:

> any and all mistakes are my own! i typically can’t find a lot cause i find it hard to read my own work * my brain just kind zones out when re-reading it before posting.
>
> so i tried a new writing style for dis (and by that i mean its just all lowercase) so i’m sorry if that isn’t ur jam :(
>
> but if it is, enjoy!!! all comments and kudos are so appreciated <3 have a good whatever time of hour!!
>
> btw, this takes place maybe a year or so after p*nnywise fucked everything up so they’re a tad bit older. still kids tho

the first time richie falls in love with eddie, they’re sitting down by the quarry. they’re alone, the other losers had been busy that day, so they took the opportunity to hangout with only each other.

it was subtle at first, started as a nervous-type feeling that circulated around his stomach repeatedly no matter how hard he tried to ignore it. he felt almost nauseous, like he was gonna puke up his heart without effort.

and he tried to ignore it. he tried so hard. he jokes around and makes eddie gag and groan like he always does, the usual banter that bounces between the two.

it works for awhile, but then eddie brushes his fingertips over richie’s splayed fingers on accident, and suddenly richie feels as if he’s gonna explode right then and there. it was like something way too pure had just touched him. words didn’t seem to form in his brain on how it made him feel, but his stomach twisted (in an oddly good way?) and he could feel his cheeks begin to burn.

and there's this feeling that lays just beneath his skin, dancing and fluttering around in his bloodstream. as if it was always there, or as if it belonged.

by now, richie would've cracked a joke or made the situation a little awkward. try to put some distance between them, keep up the boundaries that limit richie's feelings from romantic.

but he decides not to.

instead, he sits quietly and lets all his thoughts stir around his brain.

he lets the touch linger, doesn't draw attention to it. he pretends like his heart isn't beating a hundred miles an hour, pretends his hands don't itch to just lace eddie's fingers with his.

eddie doesn't move his hand, it just rests atop richie's own, silently driving him insane.

as the minutes pass, the itching gets more intense. it almost becomes unbearable, like bugs underneath his arms and hands, crawling around whilst scratching for an escape.

if eddie's kept his hand there that long, he would mind if richie just.. finished the job, right?

taking a chance, richie moves and laces their fingers together. they're sweaty and a little dirty, but eddie doesn't even seem to noice. he's too busy looking out over the water with a goofy grin on his face.

at that very moment, richie feels like he might've died.

cause eddie takes notice a second later, turning to look at richie. when their eyes meet, he smiles. something pure and gentle, it gives his face a sunlight-strong glow, making his eyes crinkle a little.

at the same time, richie decides summer is his favorite season.

summer's now his favorite because he can see eddie's freckles more clearly in the sunshine, he can see the way they travel all across any exposed skin, like tiny angel kisses (as beverly had once described.)

and there's a soft glow to eddie's skin, the suns colors shining on his face and crowning it as something richie can only describe as beautiful.

and geez, whenever the sun hits eddie's eyes *just* right, it makes richie's knees weak. they look like pools of chocolate, or like the coffee that he sometimes sees stan drinking. they're a soft brown, almost like the caramel richie likes to put on his ice cream from time to time.

just like clockwork, richie's hit with the familiar feeling of.. something.

its something unspoken, something completely foreign to him. he can't find the words to explain the way his heart feels a little fuzzy looking at eddie, or the way he seems to completely lose all sense of time whenever they're alone.

for richie, being with eddie felt like being home. it felt like a long hug from someone you really love after an exhausting day. like wrapping in a blanket when you're cold, or when you take a hot bath and goosebumps start to rise all over your skin from the temperature shift.

too many feelings wash over richie when he's with eddie, too many for him to fully comprehend.

but the one that outweighs every other feeling is the wave of contentment. as if nothing else in the world mattered expect for the *here* and *now*.

giving eddie a soft smile back, he turns his attention to the water, giving eddie's hand a small squeeze to ground himself.

he doesn't know it yet,

but that was the first time richie tozier fell in love with eddie kaspbrak.